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R. R. Carroll, General Manager Port V. Leavengood, Business Manager
J. H. Benjamin, Editor

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SECOND REGIMENT SEASONED BY SERVICE

A representative of the Star visited the state encampment grounds Sunday, saw the soldiers and witnessed the guard mount and evening parade, two events that are worth going far to see.

The guard mount took place shortly after 4 p. m. The Tampa company went on duty, and it was a pleasure to see how proficiently and efficiently the men went thru their duties. It is one of the biggest companies in the regiment, and as it came up to headquarters one could not but admire the free, swinging step of the men and the precision with which the company moved. It was noticeable that it took but a few minutes to inspect arms, and each man's rifle was handed back to him and the next taken with a celerity that showed the weapons were in excellent order.

The parade followed guard mount, and was an imposing ceremony. The men assembled in their company streets, and at the word moved forward in columns of fours out on the parade grounds. First joining in battalions they drew together in entire regimental formation, and after going thru several evolutions formed in line across the ground in front of headquarters. It was the first time the writer has seen a full regiment on parade in several years, and to him the contrast was sharp of the olive drab line, which even in a few hundred yards seems to melt into the dull tints of the parade ground with gleaming array of blue and brass and glittering steel that marked the parades of former days.

The closing ceremony was one to make an American heart swell. The Second Regiment band, which played all thru the evolutions, took its place to the right of the regiment, and sent forth the strains of the national anthem. Slowly, very slowly, the Flag, which had floated in the breeze all day, began to descend from its towering staffed. Note after note of the inspiring tune thrilled forth as the Star-Spangled Banner came down yard by yard to the reverent hands of the color guard, and as the last bar floated out on the evening air a thousand rifles came as one to present arms, and, what probably meant more, the undisciplined civilians who stood around by hundreds bared their heads.

A minute later the band broke out with "Dixie," the ringing battle tune of the dead nation that ever lives in hearts of the people of the Southland, now the most loyal and American section of the Union, and the regiment wheeled from line to column, and moving round the parade again, broke into battalions and companies, which re-entered their company streets, from which for the last half hour had emanated savory odors that told the cooks were busy preparing the evening meal.

The regiment shows the effect of over two months camp life and training. The men are all a husky and vigorous bunch. They look like they can stand anything. They are bronzed and tanned, and some of them look as rough and tough as twisted lightwood knots, but they move like they were on steel springs. They are well taken care of. Some little things are lacking, but in the essentials they are well provided. They have learned a great deal of the duties of a soldier, and some of the duties of a citizen. They have attended a most useful summer school, and war or no war, are much the better for the training.

The men go out loaded with equipment on hikes of eight, ten or twelve miles, and come in almost as good as new. Three months ago such stiff exercise would have put many of them in bed for a week, but now they enjoy it.

The greatest criticism to make on the camp is that the men have not been supplied with ammunition for target practice. The men have been tried out to ascertain who are the best marksmen, but that is all. Some of them have never fired their guns, and none have had much practice in this the most necessary part of their training. Thanks to heredity and natural American adaptability, the men, if they had to go into action against the same number of Mexicans tomorrow might be able to hold their own. If they were called to meet some of the troops now fighting in Europe, they would be like children of a primary school against college graduates.

There is a very enthusiastic machine gun squad, but they have no gun, and most of them probably have never seen a machine gun. Another ridiculous inadequacy of the war department.

The boys of Company A are well and cheerful. Only one of them was in the hospital Sunday, and he for a minor complaint. Captain Drake, Lieuts. Campbell and Marsh and all the men are looking fine and feeling fit. The Star's representative was gratified to be told that the package of papers the Star sends the company every day was one of their chief consolations. They are so many letters from home.

The people of Jacksonville seem to be taking great interest in the camp. Many people were out there Sunday. The line of autoes facing the troops when they formed in front of headquarters was as long as the regiment, and overlapped it on each flank. At a conservative estimate, there were two thousand people present.

The Second Regiment Band is worthy of special praise. All are gratified by its splendid music, and thousands go out from Jacksonville just to hear it.

Mr. J. D. Rooney, of Ocala, sales manager of the Florida Soft Phosphate and Lime company, and Mr. W. H. English, of Lakeland, traveling representative of the same company, are in the city today looking after the company's business. They were both interesting visitors of the News office while here.—Arcadia News.

Mrs. Guy Toph left today for Tampa where she goes to be with Mr. Toph, who went Monday to place himself under care of a specialist. He was able to remain up until today, but reports from him this morning were to the effect that he has again taken his bed, and Mrs. Toph went to remain at his bedside until he is better. The host of friends of this popular gentleman greatly regret to learn that his health remains so unsatisfactory, it having been several months that he has been confined to his home, and all sincerely hope that he will soon begin to improve.—Lakeland Telegram.

Mr. M. M. Little, past grand master of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, was her last week. He is also a prominent Woodman. Mr. Little claims to be the Sunday school teacher of the largest class of young men in Florida. He was introduced to us by Mr. Arthur Holmes, who is an active Odd Fellow, secretary of the local lodge.—Eustis Lake Region.

1917?

By EDWIN BALMER

(Continued from Yesterday)

CHAPTER VII.

States Pledge Troops.

The crowd was dense down the block before the office of one of the local newspapers. Carpenters had finished putting up a great bulletin board with a platform in front of it upon which a man from the newspaper office was standing and pasting up a bulletin printed in huge letters. Jim read the reply of the governor of the state to the secretary of war:

"The state of Illinois, which half a century ago supplied 260,000 soldiers to the army of the Union, pledges its full quota for the defense of the nation in this emergency and invites further calls as the needs of the nation require."

The bulletin continued: "Similar assurances have been sent by the governors of New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, etc."

"Regulars ordered to New York!" the next sheet proclaimed. "Twenty-five thousand troops on Mexican border entrain for the north. Other regular troops, numbering 6,000, ordered from army posts to eastern seaboard."

The cheering brought a flush to Jim's face, but he added the totals. "Thirty-one thousand men!" That was the American army of regulars to meet the 800,000 veterans from over the sea! He edged from the crowd. The recruiting station, he recalled, was down among some old buildings just off the main business section. He searched the fronts of those buildings for the flag with the words "Men wanted for the army." But the flag was not there, nor could he find the brightly colored lithographs of soldiers which had been displayed beside the walk. He went about the block looking for them before a boy named Rainey, whom Jim knew as a companion of Mart Ware, came up and spoke to him.

"Looking for the recruiting office, Mr. Ashby?"

"So'm I!" The boy's face was pale, but his eyes were bright with excitement. "I thought it was down here, but it ain't any more."

Jim could not enlist that morning in the national army, but he could join the state guard. There was a company of one of the regiments—the Third, Jim thought it was—which had headquarters in Elgin. He knew a couple of men who drilled somewhere one night a week, and he had employed in the Ashby shops a boy named Connor who had asked for two weeks' vacation in the summer to attend the encampment of the regiment. Jim recollected that his father had discharged Connor for taking the vacation. The headquarters were easy enough to find. A crowd blocked the street before the office, a smaller crowd than before the newspaper office, but this was all made up of men and boys, now all cheering and reckless and noisy, now suddenly silent and orderly. Some of these men and boys were there to give themselves for service—the immediate service which was demanded—but the most were merely there to cheer others on. A man in khaki and wearing a campaign hat sentineled the door and looked keenly at each man or boy who came forward to enter the building. Most of those who wished to pass seemed to be known to the sentinel.

Men and Boys Were There to Give Themselves For Service.

and most of them were hailed by name by the crowd and cheered as they slipped by the soldier and into the building.

Jim stepped in and stripped. The surgeon looked him over, tapped him and listened perfunctorily at his heart and passed him on. "All right! Next!"

Jim advanced to the table at the end of the room and signed the paper presented to him. Charlie Linton, an officer, arose after Jim had signed and drew him aside.

"One of the secret service men phoned me awhile ago, Ashby," Linton said. "He told me something about what you were doing last night. Good work it was, rattling good work! He told me I could trust you; of course I knew that anyway. I've detailed some of our regular boys to watch for spies among the recruits—and among ourselves. I want you to watch too. You are to get evidence so you can give the firing squad a chance if there's time. If there isn't time or it's inconvenient to bring charges, shoot the man you catch, no matter who he is, and shoot quick and straight if you don't want him to get you first."

Jim nodded. Then I'm to stay about here?"

"No one's to stay about here. We're wanted in the east as quick as we can get there. They're yelling for us from Savannah to Portland, Me. Leave a telephone number where we can get you within an hour, and if you haven't made arrangements for an indefinite absence make 'em."

Jim shook hands with others of the men about and then went down to the noise and exuberance of the street. The crowd cheered him by name as he came out, and amid the crush about him he felt some one tugging at his coat to attract personal attention. He turned about and faced Agnes. Her face was chalk white, and her lips were trembling, and the hand which tugged at his coat was shaking violently, and as Jim faced her he was white also. She knew he had broken his pledge to her, and she had not yet come to understand why.

War had come, she knew, but to her it existed yet only in words. It was tall, black type of unpleasant print upon great sheets of white paper pasted to a board before a newspaper office; it was wild, reckless boasts and taunts on the tongues of boys and men about it. War was horrible madness made of bestial passion. Women—if men failed—must forbid it, the slaughter and suffering of a nation.

Hysterically Agnes cried this to Jim, heedless of the crowd about them. "And you've joined them! Don't—don't ever speak to me! Don't look at me again! Only—only," she pleaded with him now, beside herself with horror, "has Mart been up there too? Where's Mart, Jim? Have you seen him?"

"No, Agnes. I looked for his name, and I asked about him. He hasn't enlisted here."

"Then he's gone somewhere else to join the army. He went out of the house before the rest of us got up this morning, and from the things he took with him I know he's gone to enlist!"

Jim got her out of the crowd and started to go farther with her, but she would not have him. He turned away from her and went through the tumult of the street toward his father's factory. The noise and cheering were as loud as before, louder if anything, and a band was parading somewhere blaring the "Star Spangled Banner." But now to Jim there was a hollowness in that noise—a hollowness of a nation at war and unready.

The smoke was streaming from the chimney of the Ashby factory, and Jim could see as he neared the shops that work was going on, but as he entered the door he heard his father's voice roaring in violent vituperation. Two men in plain clothes, but displaying special deputy's stars, and a man in police uniform were dragging Nathan Ashby from his office.

"Orders," the policeman told Jim when for an instant Nathan Ashby was quiet—"orders from Chicago, as I've tried to explain to him, sir. There's the deuce to pay there, sir! There'll be martial law by night if the riots keep up. They've arrested a lot of men—one of them named Homan, who had a good deal to do with your father yesterday afternoon. Orders are to arrest and hold for examination every one Homan saw, so we're doing it. That's all there is to it, and you nor no one can do anything different about it till we get different orders from Chicago."

Jim went with his father to the police station, where the cells already were full of men and boys taken that morning. The police, booking Nathan Ashby under the charge of conspiracy against the safety of the state, thrust him with two others into a cell. Jim, able to do nothing then, went back to the factory. Smoke was still coming from the chimney, but all work inside was stopped, and the workmen were leaving the building.

"What's the matter?" Jim demanded of Drayton, the superintendent.

"Look at these!" Drayton cried, shoving at Jim a sheaf of telegrams. "They've been coming in all morning as fast as the wires could carry them—and some by telephone too. Cancellations—all cancellations! We'd almost cleared the boards, you know, to start work on the automobile parts for Detroit. That was canceled at 9 o'clock, and everything else we're working on has followed. The country's paralyzed, I tell you. They're shutting down everything everywhere. That's some of the trouble in Chicago, I understand; they're turning off people by the tens of thousands there and everywhere. And stocks! Lord, they never dared open the exchanges! But the banks"—Drayton stopped helplessly. "Oh, it's terrible, and it's only begun!"

Portentous things were happening—portentous without parallel even in the terrible "twelve days" of July and August, 1914. Then the whole world, knowing little of the methods and means of modern destruction, was paralyzed as to normal industry and palsied to all new enterprise except the awful obsession of war, and now the world knew that war meant for the invaded nation destruction and ruin on a scale undreamed of before; also in 1914 the world knew that the powers opposed were so equal that neither alliance might work its will upon the other, but now in 1917, upon the neutral exchanges of Europe, American securities—the "standard" securities of a few months before—were obliterated as things of value, and in America everywhere men displayed their terrors of the future. Before noon, when a moratorium was declared in every state in the Union, credit had ceased to exist. The men and women who had awakened to a morning of amazement before news office and bulletin board crushed to the banks to withdraw their money, but they clamored uselessly in the streets and beat upon doors which were closed and barred. And business—except the trade in the supply of the barest daily necessities and the manufacture of arms and munitions of war—was dead. The capitol cried to the country for aid, "A million men between sunrise and sunset"—the million men who, as the country had been told to believe, would ward off all disaster. And in that day the country pledged to the capitol more than 300,000 men, a record for voluntary enlistment under any similar conditions, and, with the million soon to be assured, the country called to the capitol now for the protection promised if the volunteers came forward.

So in the cabinet room at the capitol the chief of staff—his name was Stone—who was charged with the offering of a plan for the defense of the nation, and Admiral Poe, in command of the navy, faced the president and his cabinet across a table upon which a large map was spread. The map showed North America and the western half of the north Atlantic ocean. Upon the continental section of the chart were chalked the numbers and location of the 300,000 men, including the militia who already had been raised to re-enforce the 30,000 men of the regular army being mobilized in the east. At the mobilization point in each state was chalked the number of men "available:" Washington, 3,500; Oregon 4,000; California, 10,000; Texas, 8,000 Minnesota, 10,000; Michigan, 8,000; Illinois, 18,000; Louisiana, 3,000; Maine 5,000; Vermont, 2,500; Florida, 4,000 and so on throughout the forty-eight states.

"Those figures mean, of course," the general said quietly, "a proportion of from three to five absolutely green and untrained men, except for their service on the Mexican border. In some states the situation is even worse. Nevada has pledged men, but has had not even a national guard organization for ten years. Entirely neglecting the problems of their equipment, drill and training, the matter of their organization and transport alone will require many days."

As the chief of staff had been speaking an aid had been laying down upon the sea section of the great chart a number of small seed shaped blocks. As the chief of staff gazed at them the eyes of the president and his advisers followed.

"What are those?" the secretary of the interior inquired.

The aid continued to lay down additional blocks as the general replied. "Those are some of the transports of the enemy. According to the figures which the general staff furnished the house some time ago, the number of the first expeditionary force sent to attack us was calculated to be in excess of 250,000 men. We have no reason to believe the force now at sea is less. They are, of course, thoroughly trained troops, completely organized and disciplined, and have adequate supplies of ammunition."

The aid placed his last block. The chief of staff bent closer and read the longitude figures.

"You have placed the transports where, according to our information, they were yesterday," Stone said. He put his hand over the blocks and swept them toward the American coast. "Today, of course, they must be 300 miles nearer."

The president, as he gazed at the new position of the ships, wet his lips and clinched his hands. The secretary of war estimated again with his glance the distance of the enemy's transports from the coast and the distance of the points inland upon which were marked the numbers of the militia levies.

"You will explain," the president directed, "the plan of the general staff for the present contingency."

"That part of the plan already under the authority of the general staff is being carried out, as you see." Stone referred to the map. "The coast defenses are being manned to their full capacity as rapidly as possible, and adequate ammunition is to be supplied as quickly as it can be manufactured. The national guard of the coast states is being mobilized in its own states and will remain to defend its own states until the objective of the enemy is determined. The national guard of other states is being mobilized, as you see, in its own states and as rapidly as possible will be concentrated at a secret railroad center. The regular army is being reformed so that each battalion at peace strength shall be the nucleus of a regiment at war strength, forming a brigade, with the colonel as brigadier, the battalion commanders as colonels and corresponding promotion of other officers and noncommissioned officers and with privates made noncommissioned officers.

"The navy should at once be concentrated in Long Island sound, and the national guard of New York, increased to war strength, should be sent to Long Island. With this done and with the army concentrated at a point unknown to the enemy, it will not be feasible for him to make a landing south of Portland, Me., or north of Chesapeake bay without exposing himself to the double danger of a naval attack and a land attack at the moment of debarkation."

"With the probable result?"

"That the enemy would have to land in a southern state, where he could do little military damage and where he should be left to roam, watched by cavalry, which would destroy all railroads in front of him until our army, equipped from the New England factories and hardened by training, is able to meet him in the open field."

"You mean to sacrifice the south?"

The chief of staff turned patiently to the secretary of the navy. "I mean to choose no section of our country for sacrifice," Stone replied curtly. "I hope to force the enemy to occupy a section where, in addition to having to transport his munitions from over the seas, he will be obliged to bring all food for his soldiers also—a section which cannot be held by us if the northern Atlantic seaboard fall, but which may be redeemed if we hold our industrial centers. To prevent the enemy supplying himself from our storehouses, I ask that measures be taken at once to prevent foodstuffs from moving from the west into the seaboard states."

"And starve our civil population? The whole proposal is infamous!"

(Continued Tomorrow)

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